

# FACULTY & *friends*

Judith Richardson, soprano  
Janet Scott-Hoyt, piano

Friday, January 26, 2001  
at 8:00 pm



Arts Building  
University of Alberta

## Program



Department of Music  
University of Alberta



## Program

Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre

George Frederic Handel  
(1685-1759)

Liebesbotschaft

Franz Schubert

Im Frühling

(1797-1828)

Das Lied im Grünen

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Felix Mendelssohn

Der Mond

(1809-1847)

Hexenlied

Cäcilie, Op.27, No.2

Richard Strauss

All mein Gedanken, Op.21, No.1

(1864-1949)

Befreit, Op.39, No. 4

## Intermission

Nell

Gabriel Fauré

Automne

(1845-1924)

En Sourdine

Mandoline

Nocturne

Hermit Songs (1953)

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

II. Church Bell at Night

III. St. Ita's Vision

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

V. The Crucifixion

VI. Sea Snatch

VII. Promiscuity

VIII. The Monk and His Cat

IX. The Praises of God

X. The Desire for Hermitage

Aye Fond Kiss

Robert Burns

My Love is like a Red, Red Rose

(1759-1796)

Traditional Air

Ye Banks and Braes(1788)

James Miller

## Translations

### Liebesbotschaft/Tidings of Love

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

Murmuring brooklet, so silver and bright,  
do you haste to my love so merry and fast?  
Ah, dear brooklet, my messenger be;  
carry her greetings from one far away.

All her cherished flowers in the garden,  
those she so sweetly wears at her breast,  
and her roses in their crimson glow,  
refresh, brooklet, with your cooling waters.

When she, at your side, lost in dreams,  
thinking of me, hangs low her head,  
console my sweet with a kindly look,  
for soon shall her beloved return.

When the sun sinks in a reddish gleam,  
rock my sweetheart into slumber.  
Murmur her into sweet repose,  
whisper her dreams of love.

### Im Frühling/In Spring

Text: Ernst Schultze

Silent, I sit on the hillside,  
the heavens are so clear,  
the breeze plays in the green valley,  
where, in spring's first gleam,  
I was once, ah, so happy.

Where at her side I walked,  
so fondly and so close,  
and, deep in the dark rocky stream,  
saw the fair heavens blue and bright,  
and in the heavens her too.

See, how gaily-coloured spring  
peeps from bud and blossom!  
All blossom is not alike to me,  
most gladly from that branch I'd pick  
from which she once picked.

For all is still as once it was,  
the flowers and the field;  
no less brightly shines the sun,  
and no less kindly in the stream  
heaven's blue image floats.

Will and delusion, they only change,  
joy alternates with quarrel,  
happiness of love flies by,  
and love alone remains,  
love, and ah, the pain.

### Im Frühling/In Spring

Oh, if only I were a tiny bird,  
there on the meadow's bank,  
then on these branches here I'd stay,  
and sing a sweet song of her,  
all the summer through.

### Das Lied im Grünen/Song in the Open

Text: Friedrich Reil

To the open, the open, where Spring  
that delightful lad, beckons,  
and, on flower-twined staff, leads us  
to where the lark and blackbird are so awake,  
to woods, to fields, to hill, to brook,  
to the open, the open.

In the open, the open life is so blissful  
gladly we wander,  
and while yet from afar we fix our eyes there,  
and as we thus wander with joyful heart,  
the child's delight flows ever about us,  
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open, the stars grow  
so clear, which the wise men  
of old commend for life's guidance,  
the clouds so tenderly touch us in passing,  
hearts become lighter, the senses clear,  
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open, many a plan  
has been borne on wings,  
the future--divested of its fearful aspect,  
the eye is strengthened, the gaze refreshed,  
the desires sway gently thither and back,  
in the open, the open.

To the open, the open, let us merrily follow  
the friendly lad.

If, one day, life is no longer green for  
then we have wisely not missed the green time,  
and have, when appropriate, happily dreamed  
in the open, the open.

### Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel

Text: Johann Wolfgang Goethe

My peace is gone,  
my heart is sore,  
never shall I find  
peace ever more.

Where he is not,  
there is my grave,  
all the world  
to me is gall.



**Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen At The Spinning-wheel (cont'd.)**

My poor head  
is crazed,  
my poor wits  
destroyed.

Only for him I gaze  
from the window,  
only for him I go  
from the house.

His superior walk,  
his noble air,  
his smiling mouth,  
his compelling eyes.

And his words--  
their magic flow,  
and the press of his hand,  
and ah, his kiss!

My heart craves  
for him,  
oh, to clasp  
and to hold,

and kiss him,  
just as I liked,  
and in his kisses  
pass away!

**Auf Flügeln des Gesanges/On Wings of Song**

Text: Heinrich Heine

On wings of song,  
dearest, will I bear you away,  
away to the Ganges meadows,  
where I know of the nicest place.

A red-blossoming garden lies there  
in the quiet light of the moon,  
the lotus flowers are waiting  
for their own sister dear.

The violets titter, talk fondly,  
and gaze to the stars above,  
the roses whisper their scented  
stories into each other's ear.

Here come leaping to listen  
alert and gentle gazelles,  
and in the distance splashing,  
the waves of the sacred stream.

There let us sink down  
beneath the palm tree,  
and drink in love and peace,  
and dream a blissful dream.

**Der Mond/ The Moon**

Text: Emmanuel Geibel

My heart is like the gloomy night,  
When all the boughs are sighing;  
The moon breaks out with all her light  
Through clouds in flight,  
And lo! how silent now the woods are lying.

And you are like the radiant moon  
In love's glow and gladness;  
One restful, restful look alone  
From you, my own,  
And lo! you've won this heart away from  
madness.

**Hexenlied/Witches Song**

Text: Ludwig Holty

The swallow flies, and Winter dies,  
For flowery Spring is advancing,  
Now in the night we'll soon take flight,  
And hey! for our glorious dancing!

Riding a rout on broom or goat  
And tongs and shovels we'll flock on,  
Mounting skyhigh, away we'll fly  
Like mad on the wind to the Brocken!

Satan's seat our troop will flit,  
And kiss him his claw till it scorches;  
Ghosts in a swarm, with welcome warm,  
Will brandish their wavering torches!

Satan will chaff our troop, and laugh,  
And promise whatever we'd rather;  
All of our ilk shall dress in silk,  
And gold by the handful we'll gather.

With fiery eye a dragon will fly  
For butter and eggs to the neighbours;  
And signing the cross they'll mourn their loss,  
We'll live on the fruit of their labors.

The swallow flies, and Winter dies,  
For flowery spring is advancing,  
Now in the night we'll soon take flight,  
And rally for glorious dancing!

**Cacily/Cecily**

Text: Heinrich Hart

If you but knew what it is to dream  
Of burning kisses, of wandering,  
Of reposing with the loved one,  
Of gazing into each other's eyes, and caressing,  
and murmuring,  
If you but knew it, you would let your heart  
consent!

**Cacily/Cecily**

If you but knew what it is to be afraid  
 Through the lonely nights, assailed by storms,  
 When the strife-weary woul is not soothed by  
 gentle words,

If you but knew it, you would come to me.  
 If you but knew what it is to live  
 Enveloped in the immense breath of divinity,  
 To soar upwards, raised and carried to sublime  
 heights,

If you but knew this, you would live with me.

**All mein Gedanken/All My Thoughts**

Text: Felix Dahn

All my thoughts, my heart and mind,  
 wander to where my loved one is.  
 They go their way despite wall and gate,  
 no bar, no ditch is proof against them,  
 go, like the birds, high through the air,  
 needing no bridge over water and gorge,  
 they find the town and find the house,  
 find her window amongst all the others

and knock and shout:

Open up, let us in,  
 we come from your love,  
 and you we greet,  
 open up, open up, let us in.

**Befreit/Freed**

Text: Richard Dehmel

You will not weep, softly, softly,  
 You will smile and, as if before a journey,  
 I will respond with a glance and a kiss.  
 Our lovely four walls, you gave them life,  
 I have made them for you into a whole world.  
 Oh happiness!

Then you will warmly clasp my hand,  
 And surrender to me your soul,  
 Will leave me with our children.

You gave me all your life,  
 I will give it back to them,  
 Oh happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it;  
 We have freed each other from pain,  
 And so I gave you back to the world.  
 Henceforth, you will come to me only in  
 dreams,

To bless me and to cry with me,  
 Oh happiness!

**Nell/Nell**

Text: Leconte de Lisle

Your purple rose in your bright sun,  
 O June, is sparkling as if intoxicated;  
 Bend your golden cup also toward me;  
 My heart is just like your rose  
 Under the soft shelter of a shady bough

**Nell/Nell (cont'd.)**

A sigh of pleasure rises up;  
 More than one ring-pigeon sings in the remote  
 wood,  
 O my heart, its amorous lament.

How sweet your pearl is in the flaming sky,  
 Star of the pensive night!  
 But how much sweeter is the bright light  
 That shines in my charmed heart!

The singing sea, all along the shore,  
 Will silence its eternal murmuring  
 Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,  
 Your image will cease to bloom!

**Automne/Autumn**

Text: Armand Silvestre

Autumn of misty skies, of heart-rending  
 horizons,  
 Of hasty sunsets, of pale dawns,  
 I see flowing like the waters of a torrent,  
 Your days filled with melancholy.  
 My thoughts, carried away on wings of regret,  
 As if our lifetime could be reborn,  
 Roam dreaming through the enchanted hills,  
 Where, in days gone by, my youth delighted!  
 I feel in the bright sunlight of triumphant  
 recollections,  
 The scattered roses blooming again in a  
 bouquet,  
 And I feel tears rising to my eyes, which in my  
 heart  
 My twenty years had forgotten!

**En Sourdine/Muted**

Text: Paul Verlaine

Serene in the twilight  
 Created by the high branches,  
 Let our love be imbued  
 With this profound silence.  
 Let us blend our souls, our hearts,  
 And our enraptured senses,  
 Amidst the faint langour  
 Of the pines and arbutus.  
 Half close your eyes,  
 Cross your arms on your breast,  
 And from your weary heart  
 Drive away forever all plans.  
 Let us surrender  
 To the soft and rocking breath  
 Which comes to your feet and ripples  
 The waves of the russet lawn.  
 And when, solemnly, the night  
 Shall descend from the black oaks,  
 The voice of our despair,  
 The nightingale, shall sing.



### **Mandoline/Mandolin**

Text: Paul Verlaine

The serenading swains  
And their lovely listeners  
Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing boughs.  
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,  
And the eternal Clitander,  
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies  
Fashions many tender verses.  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their gaiety  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
Of a moon rose and gray,  
And the mandoline chatters  
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

### **Nocturne/Nocturne**

Text: de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam

The night, in great mystery  
Opens its blue jewel box:  
As many flowers on earth,  
As stars in the sky.

One sees its sleeping shadows  
enlightened each moment,  
As much by the charmed flower  
As by the charming stars.

For me, my night of the darkened veil  
Has for its charm and clearness  
But one flower and one star.  
My love and your beauty.

### **Hermit Songs**

Text: Anonymous Irish  
texts (Eighth-Thirteenth Century)

#### **At Saint Patrick's Purgatory**

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O King of the churches  
and the bells bewailing your sores and your  
wounds,  
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!  
Pity me, O King!  
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its  
own ease?  
Only begotten Son by whom all men were  
made,  
who shunned not the death by three wounds,  
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

### **Church Bell at Night**

Sweet little bell,  
struck on a windy night,  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
Than be  
With a light and foolish woman.

### **St. Ita's Vision**

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,  
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."  
So that Christ came down to her in the form of  
a Baby  
and then she said:

"Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not  
A churl but were begot  
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
what King is there but you who could  
Give everlasting Good?  
wherefor I give my food.  
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
There is none that has such right  
To your song as Heaven's King  
Who every night  
Is Infant Jesus at my breast,  
at my breast."

### **The Heavenly Banquet**

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my  
own house;  
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.  
I would like to have the three Marys, their  
fame so great.  
I would like people from every corner of  
heaven.  
  
I would like them to be cheerful in their  
drinking.  
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among  
them.  
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of  
Kings.

I would like to be watching Heaven's family  
Drinking it through all eternity.

### **The Crucifixion**

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son.  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for his sake  
Came upon His Mother.

### **Sea-Snatch**

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has  
drowned us,  
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven;  
the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,  
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from  
Heaven.  
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has  
drowned us,  
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven!

### **Promiscuity**

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep  
alone.

### **The Monk and His Cat**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together,  
Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art,  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.

### **The Praises of God**

How foolish the man  
Who does not raise  
His voice and praise  
With joyful words,  
As he alone can,  
Heaven's High King  
To Whom the light birds  
With no soul but air,  
All day, everywhere  
Laudation sing.

### **The Desire for Hermitage**

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody  
near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last  
pilgrimage to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the  
cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs far from  
the houses of the great.  
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,  
to be alone, all alone,  
alone I came into the world,  
alone I shall go from it.

### **Ae Fond Kiss**

Text: Robert Burns  
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,  
Ae fareweel and then forever  
Deep in hearttrung tears I'll pledge thee.  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met, or never parted  
We had ne'er been brokenhearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest,  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest.  
Thine be ilka joy and pleasure,  
Peace enjoyment, love and treasure.

### **Oh! My Love is like a Red, Red Rose**

Text: Robert Burns  
Oh! my love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June,  
Oh! my love is like a melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair thou art, my bonnie love,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love the still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
But fair thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel a while;  
And I will come again my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.



**Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon**

Text: Robert Burns

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair:  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' of care!  
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons through the flowering thorn;  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed, never to return.

Oft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine!  
Wi' lightsome heart I put a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
But my false lover stole my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

A former graduate of the University of Alberta, soprano **Judith Richardson** has recently returned from many years of professional singing in England and South Africa. Concerts in Great Britain have included performances at St. Margaret's Westminster, St. Martin in the Fields, at Knole for the National Trust, and at the Dartington International School in Devon. In June she returned for masterclasses and concerts in Chichester. During the past year, Judith has appeared with the Alberta Baroque Ensemble and also with the Red Deer and Lethbridge Symphonies in their performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony.

**Janet Scott Hoyt** is widely known as a pianist, teacher and adjudicator. Her university studies were completed at the University of Alberta. Further studies were done in Europe with Cecile Genhart and at The Banff Centre with Gyorgy Sebok and Menachem Pressler. Since 1973, she has been a member of the music faculty at The Banff Centre, and in 1995, was nominated to lead the Collaborative Pianists Faculty there. Through her long association with The Banff Arts Festival, she has performed with many artists of international reputation and with students from around the world. She was named to the piano faculty of the Department of Music at the University of Alberta in 1998.

## Upcoming Events:

### January

28 Sunday, 8:00 pm

**The University Symphony Orchestra**  
**Malcolm Forsyth, Conductor**

with the Praetorius String Quartet  
Program will include works by Forsyth,  
Moncayo, Villa-Lobos and Roy Harris  
*Third Symphony*

29 Monday, 12:00 pm

**Noon-Hour Organ Recital**

The recital presents a variety of organ  
repertoire played by students of the  
Department of Music. Free admission

31 Wednesday, 7:30 pm

Brass Masterclass  
with Visiting Artist

**Jeffrey Anderson**

Free admission

### February

4 Sunday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

**Kimberly Nikkel, choral conducting**

Haydn *Missa Sancti Nicolai*, Brahms *Es ist  
das Heil uns kommen her* and Poulenc's  
*Salve Regina*. Free admission

5 Monday, 12:10 pm

**Music at Noon, Convocation Hall Student  
Recital Series** featuring students from the  
Department of Music  
Free admission

Friday, 8:00 pm

**Faculty and Friends**

**Duo Majoya**

**Marnie Giesbrecht, piano**

**Joachim Segger, piano**

Schubert *Rondo in A Major; Fantasia in F  
Minor; Three March Militaires*, and  
*Wanderer Fantasy*

12 Monday, 8:00 pm

Doctor of Music Recital

**Gayle Martin, organ**

Free admission

15 Thursday, 8:00 pm

Faculty Recital

**Haley Simons, piano**

Program will include works by JS Bach,  
Debussy, Liszt, Chopin and Bashaw

17 Saturday, 6:30 pm

The University of Alberta

**Academy Strings Valentine's Ball**

Faculty Club, University of Alberta.

The Academy Strings will play  
waltzes and polkas. Operatic serenades  
during dessert. \$45 per person.

For ticket and more information,  
call Laura at 487-6875.

26 Monday, 12:00 pm

**Noon-Hour Organ Recital**

The recital presents a variety of organ  
repertoire played by students of the  
Department of Music. Free admission

26 Monday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

**Carolina Giesbrecht, violin**

Program will include works by Franck,  
Villa-Lobos and Saint-Saëns.  
Free admission

**Unless otherwise indicated**

Admission: \$5/student/senior, \$10/adult

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice.

Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded  
message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).



# The Classics



## Classic Examples

Mon to Wed from 6 to 8 PM, Thu from 6-8:30 PM

## Saturday & Sunday Breakfast

Sat from 6 till 9 AM and Sun from 7 till 9 AM

## Crescendo

Wed from 8 till 10 PM

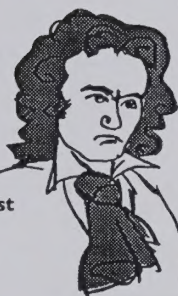
## Bel Canto

Sun from 8 till 10 PM

## Music for a Sunday Night

Sun from 10:30 PM till 1 AM

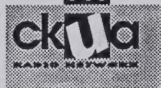
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Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

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